19.

THE Black-Bird's TALE. A POEM.

---Si monitis, tardas adverteret aures,
Heu! referet quanto verba dolore mea.

Prop. l. 1.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, 1710.

Sach. 300/1

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The Blackbird's *Tale.*

A Good old *Blackbird*, whoſe Retreat
Had long been near a *Noble Seat*,
Seeing the *Miſtreſs* of the *Dome*
Sit in her *Arbour* all alone,
In Humble manner to her came,
And thus accoſts the penſive *DAME.*
MADAM, you know, I and my *Kind*,
Have been your *Birds* Time out of Mind;
Not *Summers* Heat, nor *Winters* Storms,
Nor *Fowlers Gins*, nor Night *Alarms*,
Could fright us from our *Native Place*,
Or force us to deſert your RACE;
We never have you yet *betray'd*,
But ſtill have *ſuffer'd*, or *obey'd.*
Then pardon me whilſt I declare,
What much concerns you now to hear.
Parrots, and **Jays**, and **chattering Pies**,
May ſooth you with their *Tales* and *Lyes*;
Canary Birds with artful Throats
Amuſe you with deluding *Notes*,
And other *Birds*, more Falſe than they,
May ſing, as *Soldiers* fight, for *Pay.*
But ſhould you want 'em, take my Word,
They'll all forſake you, to a *Bird.*
The *Birds* in your own *Gardens* bred,
And near your *Manſion* hatch'd and fed,
Whoſe Honeſt Undeſigning Hearts
Are Proofs againſt all *Tricks* and *Arts.*
Such *Birds* have no vile *Ends* in view,
But now and always will be true.

How

How comes it then, that here I ſee
A mixt amphibious *Progeny*?
And only **Strangers** in the *Place*
Your *Native Birds* were wont to grace.
The *LINET* and the chearful *LARK*,
That us'd to chant around your Park,
The ſweet Tongu'd *Finches*, and the *Thruſh*,
That have ſo oft charm'd every Buſh,
Can hardly find a Twig to ſing,
Their grateful Welcomes to the *Spring*.
The *Nightingals* and faithful *Doves*
Have all forſook your *Springs* and *Groves*,
And in their ſaddeſt *Notes* compalin
Of your Unkind and Harſh *Diſdain*.
Poor *Robin-Redbreaſt* and the *Wren*,
Birds that aſſociate moſt with *Men*,
Have left your Houſe, and are all gone
To ſome more Hoſpitable *Dome*.
Nay, even your COCKS, of High Renown,
That have ſo many *Battels* won,
Neglected, lay their Weapons by,
And have no **Proſpects**, but to dye;
Their *Combs* and *Gills* that were ſo red,
Are now grown Pale and withered:
Whilſt **Mungrels** *revel* in your *Pens*,
And hali-bred **Cravens** tread your *Hens*.

Oh *Madam*! who'd have thought your *Grange*
Could e'er have ſuffer'd ſuch a *Change*!
Inſtead of *Birds* and *Fowls* of Uſe,
That have ſo long adorn'd your Houſe,
Now **Jackdaws** on your *Turrets* prate,
And **Rooks** now manage your *Eſtate*;
Devouring **Crows** *perch* on the *Oak*
Where *Reverend* RAVENS us'd to *croak*,
And from their boading Beaks foretel
If all things here ſhould happen well;

Buzzards

Buzzards and Kites with pointed Claws,
Now mangle and pervert your Laws,
And Hawks or Coots, with addle Pates,
Are Senators and Magistrates;
The Kingfishers, curse on the Brood,
That suck'd your Noble *Grandsire's* Blood,
As uncontroul'd as they can wish,
Pillage your *Ponds*, and *steal* your *Fish*:
Bitterns and Herns, with thievish Bills,
Infest your *Brooks*, destroy your *Eels*,
And eat the *Spawn* and catch the *Fry*,
As they against the *Current* plie:
Sea-pies and Gulls your House surround,
And all your *Corn* and *Fruit* confound;
And Foreign Birds of the worst *Kind*,
To you are by your *Foes* consign'd,
And just like *Ægypt's Locusts* come
Into your very *Lodging Room*.

Oh! *MADAM*, who can bear't, that sees
The Woodpeckers, that kill your Trees,
Creep into each *Hole*, each *Cranny* watch,
And there their pilfering *young Ones* hatch.
Those little *Vermin* too, Tom-tits,
That liv'd like *Sharpers* by their Wits,
Now *Strutt* and *Swagger* up and down,
As tho' your House was all their own.
All *Sorts* and *Kinds* of vicious Fowls,
And *Birds* of Night, even Batts and Owls,
Hither in dreadful *Flocks* resort,
And near your *Mansion* keep their *Court*;
When other *Birds* are gone to sleep,
Here they their Midnight Revels keep;
And in a wild confused *Throng*,
To ding'rops *Flights* they train their *Young*;
And there in *Hellish Conclave* joyn,
To ruin You and all your LINE.

Oh! *MADAM, MADAM*, take my Word,
I am your true and faithful *Bird*;
If you permit theſe Vermin long,
For *you* at laſt they'll grow too ſtrong.
Then you'll reflect, when 'tis too late,
And you can only mourn your Fate.
The *Swans* (*Jove*'s *Birds*) have took their Flight,
And all good *Birds* will leave you quite.
Nay, if theſe *Meaſures* you purſue,
Even *JOVE* himſelf will leave you too.
Provok'd too far, at leaſt he muſt,
To *You*, and to *Himſelf* be Juſt;
And to their *Power* entirely leave you,
Who now, and always will *deceive you*.

The anxious *DAME*, that Silent ſat,
And heard the honeſt *Bird* relate
This doleful *TALE*, replys at laſt,
" Who can account for *Follies* paſt?
" All you have ſaid, I own is true,
" But cannot help my *Self* or you.
And here ſhe ſigh'd, and made a Pauſe—
" To Ill Advice I owe the Cauſe;
" I have been flatter'd, and cajoll'd,
" And often, very often told,
" —If e'er you hope to gain your *Ends*,
" —Careſs your *Foes*, and truſt your *Friends*:
" —Your *Friends* no Diſreſpects can move,
" —They'll be your *Friends*, becauſe they love
" But if your *Foes* ſhould take things ill,
" They'll be your *Foes*, becauſe they will,
" Theſe are a ſtubborn daring *Fowl*,
" And ſhould they meet the leaſt Controul,
" To *Arms* and *Tumults* they would fly,
" Or any dang'rous *Methods* try:

What

" What then muſt be the Conſequence,
" I leave to any *Bird* of Senſe.
" By this, and ſuch *Advice* o'erſway'd,
" I gave Conſent to be betray'd.

The *Bird* to this in haſte replies,
Good *MADAM*, hear our mutual Cries;
The *Partridge*, *Pheſant*, and the *Quail*,
Fowls that were never known to rail,
And all the *Fowls* both *Wild* and *Tame*,
Or good for *Food*, or fit for *Game*;
And ev'ry *Bird* that has ſo long
Recorded you in grateful Song,
Low at your Feet do proſtrate fall,
And with one Voice for *Juſtice* call;
And further, they declare by me,
That if you will your *Danger* ſee,
And this pernicious *Counſel* ſhun,
Before both you and they're undone.
They'll joyn, and powerfully aſſiſt you,
Againſt all thoſe that dare reſiſt you.
They had went on in their Debate,
But in their ſtalks a *Fowl of State*.
A Peacock, whom the Innto ſent
To watch which way the *LADY* went.
MADAM, ſays he, your *Friends* within,
Admire where you ſo long have been,
And more, what Buſineſs you can have
With this old Uſeleſs, Canting *Slave*.
" Oh! ſays the *DAME*, he's told a *Tale*,
" That in my Thoughts will long prevail
" And ſure, had you your ſelf been here,
" It would affect you much to hear.

To this with Scorn the *Fop* replies,
We know in *Tales* his Talent lies,
But we his *Tales*, and him deſpiſe;

His ſawcy *Tales*, what e'er they be,
Will never weigh at all with me.
Beſides, it is no proper Seaſon,
To hear theſe High flown *Blackbirds* reaſon.
You will have Leiſure e'er 'tis long,
To liſten to their Tales, *and Song.*

The prudent *Bird*, that ill could bear,
To hear this *Pedant Domineer*.
Replys, vain *Sir*, indecent Words,
Do very ill become fine *Birds*.
Manners and *Affability*,
Suit beſt with *Birds of Quality*.
Yet, give me leave to tell you plain,
I value you not your high Diſdain.
If you miſlead this *Noble* D A M E,
You and your *Friends* will bear the Blame.
Let me adviſe you then to try
No more your *Dang'rous Heights* to fly,
Leſt, thus provok'd, we all agree
To ſet our injur'd MISTRESS free,
And ſtip from you each borrow'd *Plume*,
That you to ſwagger in preſume.
Here the *Bird* ſtop'd, and bowing low,
Hear me, ye GODS! this pond'rous Vow;
May your SUCCESSION never fail,
Nor *Crowds* nor *mpious Arms* prevail;
But YOU and your *Illuſtrious* DOME,
For many *Ages* yet to come,
Freed from *Falſe Friends* and *Falſe Advice*,
In *Spotleſs* FAME ſtill higher riſe,
Till you ſhall late aſcend the *Skies*.
At this the Haughty *Peacock* ſtarted,
The BIRD hopt off, and ſo they parted.

F I N I S.